

NINETY-EIGHTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF OLD INDIAN MISSIONARIES OF DE SMETS'S TIME  
AND SPONSOR FOR YELLOWSTONE PARK IS NOW AT FLORISSANT

The Reverend Father F. X. Kuppens, S. J., Countryman and Contemporary of the Celebrated "Black Gown" of the Northwest, Now in Peaceful Retirement in the Novitiate Whence a Half Century Ago He Set Forth for the Pathless West.

Just outside the quaint little hamlet of Florissant, amid the peaceful surroundings of the old Jesuit novitiate the last survivor of the valiant band of Indian missionaries of a half century ago rests from the labors which age and infirmities have terminated.

Nor is it a rest that is free from pain that the Reverend Father F. X. Kuppens, S. J., now has. For nearly nineteen of the best years of his life he endured the rigors of the life of an Indian missionary of the old school when the country was new and the gospel bearer was at once minister of souls and pathfinder.

It is one of the ironies of fate that this venerable man should, as the fruits of a well-spent life of abstinence, rigorous fasts, and bodily infirmities which are the result of the rigors and hardships endured in those trying days of his youth in the untamed Northwest.

For of a verity he could say of himself with Paul that he had suffered "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

What perils of land and water, of heathen and of robbers and what watchings and privations were his in his eight years on the fringes of civilization, among Indians and outlaws probably will never be known. For though even through the twinges of an abominable rheumatism he is a most lovable and companionable man, it is impossible to get from him more than a hint of his experiences during that time he walked in the footsteps of his great countryman, St. Ignace.

De Smet. This is a name to conjure with in the presence of the old Flemish priest who calmly and hopefully contemplates his passage down through the valley of the shadows to join him and the other valiant spirits who are awaiting their reward from the Master they served.

For Kuppens knew him and loved him. While in his prime, doing the same work among the same benighted people as the great "black gown," the young Kuppens first met the great missionary whose ashes now rest beneath the turf of the novitiate grounds in sight from the window of Father Kuppens's room.

He is one of the few existing links in the order of which he is a member between this day and the time of De Smet. In later years he traversed by night and by day, in storm and in calm, the same vast and unknown territory that the departed missionary had labored in.

MOVER OF GREAT NATIONAL UNDERTAKING  
More than that, there are those who say that the young priest, as a result of his travels in the great Northwest, was the real mover of a great national undertaking.

Perhaps when history is rewritten Father Kuppens may be acknowledged as responsible for the creation of the Yellowstone into a national park. Certain it is that it was not until after the young priest had traveled through what is now the Yellowstone National Park, and had described its beauties and wonders to the civil authorities of Montana Territory that steps were taken to make it a national reservation.

Singularly enough Father Kuppens finds himself to-day at the close of his active labors resting in the very place from which nearly a half a century ago he set out upon his career in the United States as a priest.

He was born in Belgium in 1825, coming to Boston in 1857. Within two weeks of his arrival in the United States, he was at Florissant, where he spent some time pursuing his studies for the priesthood in the Jesuit order. Later he returned to Europe to conclude his studies and be ordained. This was six years later. The

ordinary period of study before ordination in the Society of Jesus is some fifteen years.

"But sometimes when the scholar is exceptionally smart he is ordained sooner," explained Father Kuppens with a flash of a humor which is unalloyed and which characterizes him even during his rheumatic paroxysms.

He was destined for the most trying of assignments in the seminary order of the Society of Jesus. But little time was left in sending the young priest out to the lonely mission of St. Peter in the territory of Montana, many hundreds of miles beyond the furthest outpost of Western civilization and in the heart of a hostile country of heathen Indians.

From 1863 to 1868, the young Belgian missionary spent at St. Peter, ministering to the spiritual wants of a savage people in a parish the size of an empire.

The priest carried his territory on horseback, carrying his church and his vestments and all his wants on the back of a pack horse. He could ride for days until he had come to the limits of his parish.

St. Peter's mission was near Virginia City, the then capital of the territory—that is it was only about sixty miles distant. It was in the country of the Black-foot tribe of Indians, a pagan tribe of none too fertile soil upon which to cast the seed of the gospel. There were two perils at the mission, but for all that this fact meant in human companionship of their own kind there might just as well have been but one, for both priests were never present at the mission at the same time.

INDIANS WERE NOT HOSTILE TO PRIESTS

The Indians even though none was responsive to the teachings of the missionaries, were not ordinarily hostile to the priests. Father Kuppens, with the loyalty of a priest to his people, will utter no words against his savage charges of years ago on that score.

But once was he in actual danger at the hands of red men in that lonely territory, and on this occasion, he says, he blames himself more than the red men for his danger.

"It was in the very first year of my work at the mission," said the old missionary in telling of it. "The country was new to me, and I was riding along one day, unthinking of danger of any kind, when two Indians on foot jumped out in front of my horse from the bushes beside the path."

"They were in blankets and feathers as the Indians of those days and parts all were. One of them seized my horse's bridle and brought him to a stop, rearing back in fright on his haunches. The other caught the bridle of my pack horse."

"I asked them the meaning of their actions."

"They said that they had traveled about half a day and were tired and that I get down from my horse and let them ride."

"No," said I. "I cannot do that, as I must ride to the end of my journey, but if you are tired of me you get up on the saddle behind me and ride with me, while the other may ride upon the pack horse."

"They refused. Then they demanded that I open my knapsack and give them food, as they were hungry."

"No," I replied. "It is not in the sun here, but if you wish food we will ride further on and presently in the shade we will have food."

"To this day I cannot assign a reason why I did not make myself known to the Indians. I believe that had I done so I would not have been molested further by them. But I did not do so. Perhaps it was the uncompromising spirit of a young

man. There was nothing in my apparel to indicate my calling. I was clad in the buckskin chaps, boots and other garments worn by white pioneers."

"While we traveled I observed one of the Indians to stealthily reach under his blanket for a knife, which he fingered as he talked. Even then I might have escaped harm or annoyance by making myself known to them. I did not, however, but instead, without warning, I brought my riding stick down heavily upon him. He sank to his knees, staring, while his fellow abandoned the pack horse and rushed toward me with his knife out."

"As I put spurs to my horse and galloped past him I reached out and gripped his arm and struck the second Indian full in the face with my quirt. Then I was off at the full speed of my horse, while the pack horse followed."

INDIANS WERE DRAWING BOWS ON THE PRIEST

"As I galloped away I looked back. Both Indians were up and both were drawing their bows. Immediately I heard the whizz of an arrow, and it struck quivering to the hilt in the side of my horse. Another feathered missile whizzed through the air and passed through my coat sleeve."

"In the interval that passed before they could again draw their bows, I dug my spurs into my horse and applied my quirt to his flanks. Just as I felt I could not outpace the Indians' arrows, and soon I heard the whizzing of another and another arrow shot at me by the armed Black-foot. The first passed through several folds of my buckskin breeches and did not harm beyond a mere scratch. The other struck against the tough leather of my boot tops and glanced off."

"That was the end of the volley. My horse outdistanced the Indians, and their arrows and I was soon out of danger from them."

"But I have always felt ever since," concluded the old priest, "that I should have given to the Indians a chance of making myself known to them."

Those who have known the old missionary say that he knew not fear. That his faith was unshakable, that he was not prone to imagine danger on slight provocation and that he was to endure himself to his savage charges rather than to have them fear him, he proved subsequently on many occasions which he will not mention. But something of an old-time frontier spirit, which youth could not repress even in the priest, flashed out in that sudden fury of defense against the menacing Indians.

Young Kuppens's work, as laid out for him by his superiors in the order to which he had vowed unquestioning and uncompromising obedience for life, was such as left him no time for the pleasures of life or the quiet and absorbing studies that are the ordinary lot of his brothers in the order. As the courier of a new and unheard-of creed to a rude and alien people, his lot was full of rigors, of perils of the body and of the spirit, of the companionship of his kind and of the ordinary comforts of life.

But such as it was and faithfully as he performed his duties, baptizing, marrying, burying and ministering, not alone to the spiritual, but to the bodily needs of his Indians as well, it could not repress in him a love of nature for the spirit of exploration, in a vast and unknown country which seems to be instinctive in the true missionary.

He had been through parts of the Yellowstone many times during the first years of his experience as a missionary, and was as struck by their wonderful beauty

that he determined to make a thorough exploration of every part of the wonderful country.

In the spring of either 1864 or 1865—the lapse of time has made him uncertain which year it was—accompanied by some Indians, he fulfilled this resolve.

Enthusiastic about what he had observed on this tour, he made a verbal report on his journey to General Thomas Francis Meagher, the famous leader of the Irish Brigade, who was then Secretary of State and Acting Governor of the Territory of Montana.

The following spring Meagher gathered about him an escort of militia and went through the wonderful country traversed by the priest and his Indian guides. He in turn reported to the Federal Government, and what action was taken by the Government is recorded history.

If the missionary had done nothing else than this act, which led to the creation of this most marvelous and beautiful of national parks, he had earned well of the gratitude of posterity and had done much. Indeed, but he did more than this. His labors among the Indians bore fruit, and although he speaks but sparingly of his work, he won many of them to Christianity. He was their spiritual pastor, their counselor, and the pleader of their rights before the white man.

LABORS WITH TRIBE HAS DRAMATIC ENDING

Father Kuppens's labors in the Northwest country of the Blackfoot tribe came to an end with a dramatic incident which gives a black eye which makes people look back to it. The proverb has been proven not true in the case of Miss Wynne Winslow, formerly of St. Louis, who has achieved honor by her singing the last work at the Alps.

Miss Winslow, however, was well and favorably known as a singer in this city before her departure from it for New York, three years ago.

She is a native Missouri woman, Mexico being her home, and up to the time of her departure from St. Louis for the Eastern metropolis, lived in this city for twelve years. She was one of the best-known choir singers in St. Louis, having sung at various times in the choir of the First Presbyterian, Temple Israel, Holy Communion and Lindell Avenue M. E. churches.

Three years ago she went to New York to complete her musical studies, and also for the broader horizon which the metropolis offers to a concert singer. For the last two years she has been singing in vaudeville circuits.

Her return to St. Louis for the Alps engagement last week was a pleasant event for many in St. Louis, who had heard her sing on various occasions, as well as for very many others who heard her for the first time. Her singing of "Bonnie Sweet Home" and "Swanee River" as encores at the Alps have delighted many who like nothing so well as to hear the old-time melody ballads sung by an artist of merit.

Miss Winslow will return to New York to-night. She is undecided whether she will continue in vaudeville or embark in one of several concert projects which she has under consideration.

WOMAN FOUGHT TO DIE IN FRONT OF TRAIN  
Camden, N. J., Sept. 15.—In preventing a good-looking, well-dressed young woman from throwing herself in front of an express train of the Atlantic City Railroad at Second and Mechanic streets, Mrs. Robert Hunter of No. 26 Mount Vernon street would have been ground to death as well, but for the prompt action of railroad employees.

Mrs. Hunter was crossing the tracks when she heard the young woman shout "Good-bye, everybody!" and step on the track in front of an approaching drill en-

though we crowded on all steam and raced after her we could not get within hailing distance. If she heard our whistle her captain evidently thought it was a race and did his best to show us a clean pair of heels.

"At length, as we approached Sioux City it became evident that we were gaining on her and I determined to abandon the boat at that city and steal a march on the old missionary and the boat which bore him back from me and prevented me from executing my orders."

"At Sioux City I left the boat and boarded a train on the recently completed railroad from that city to Omaha. Arriving there I went immediately to pay my respects to the Bishop. As I left the Bishop's residence I heard the whistle of Father de Smet's boat as it approached Omaha. I leisurely walked down to the wharf and when the boat had made a landing I walked up to Father de Smet on the boat and surprised him by announcing to him that I had been ordered to meet him and was there in pursuance of orders."

Thus ended the young priest's long chase more than half way down the Missouri to execute his orders to meet Father de Smet.

His next station was St. Marys, Kas., where he spent eleven years among the missions to the Pawnee Indians.

Father Kuppens was later in charge of the St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming about twenty years ago, which the munificence of Miss Drexel, the Philadelphia philanthropist, made possible.

ST. LOUIS SINGER PLEASURES MANY  
BY RENDITION OF OLD BALLADS

Miss Wynne Winslow Warmly  
Welcomed on Her Return After  
a Successful Tour in the  
East—May Be Heard in Con-  
cert.

Every now and then the time-honored old song about a "prophet being not without honor save in his own country" receives a black eye which makes people look back to it. The proverb has been proven not true in the case of Miss Wynne Winslow, formerly of St. Louis, who has achieved honor by her singing the last work at the Alps.

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Mrs. Hunter was crossing the tracks when she heard the young woman shout "Good-bye, everybody!" and step on the track in front of an approaching drill en-

gine. Mrs. Hunter dragged her from the track.

At that instant the inbound express train loomed up and the young woman exclaimed: "I want to die! Let me go!" and dragged Mrs. Hunter in front of the train.

The gateman and a passing brakeman heard Mrs. Hunter's scream and pulled both women from the track. Still declaring that she wished to die, that she had a note in her dress for the Coroner that explained all; that she had been deserted by her husband and drowned by her mother, she was taken to the watchman's shanty and the police were telephoned for.

A big crowd quickly gathered and with it came a young man who addressed the excited young woman as "Mary." Before the police arrived the woman was given in his charge on his promise to care for her. She stated as she left that she would kill herself at the first opportunity.

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HAIR GROWN ON  
BALD MAN'S HEAD

Efficacy of Finsen Ray Treatment  
in Cases Where Hair Is De-  
stroyed by a Specific Disease Is  
Established.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Philadelphia, Sept. 15.—No less notable a result than the stimulation of a vigorous growth of hair on the head of a septuagenarian, held for thirty years, has been attained by the systematic use of the Finsen ray treatment by eminent specialists at the Polyclinic Hospital.

So remarkable has been the outcome of the treatment that the greatest interest has been aroused among scientific men familiar with the circumstances, and the additional experiments along the same lines which are to be made in future clinics, are certain to be followed by the closest attention, both in this country and abroad.

The experiments have not yet progressed far enough to allow it to be determined just how far the scope of the efficacy of the Finsen rays goes, but their value in causing a new growth of hair in cases where baldness is due to a specific disease seems to have been established beyond cavil.

The patient in whose case the remarkable result referred to was attained was a man 71 years of age, who had been under treatment for over a year for lupus, a wasting affection of the skin.

PROPOSED FOR HIS CLIENT.  
Lawyer Secured Falttering "Yes" for California Suitor.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Alameda, Cal., Sept. 15.—George E. Clark, a constable of Alameda Township, a Civil War veteran and well-known resident of this city, gave his friends a surprise at last three o'clock and ten by talking as his bride Mrs. Rebecca Way of Filson, Santa Cruz County, a comedy widow of 15.

The question was "popped" by Attorney Howard K. James of this city, who arranged all of the details of the affair, even to securing the falttering "yes" of the bride-to-be. James rushed Clark to San Jose from Filson, secured the marriage license, conducted them to the judge who married them, and started them on their wedding journey—all in one day.

Clark had not sufficient courage to broach the all-important question to Mrs. Way, and when he told of his fears to his counselor, James, the latter agreed to arrange the details of the union that was to unite the loving hearts.